

The Topeka State Journal.

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OVER 500 BURN

Six Minnesota Towns Wiped Out by Forest Fires.

People Unable to Escape Perish in the Flames.

THEY FLY IN TERROR.

The People Fight the Flames All to No Purpose.

Frantic Crowds Seeking for Safety Besiege a Train.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

Train Rushes Through a Fiery Furnace at Full Speed.

Engineer Stays at His Post With His Clothes on Fire.

RELIEF CAME AT LAST.

A Rain is Falling Today and the Fire is Checked.

Hundreds of Charred and Unrecognizable Forms Buried.

A HEAP OF CORPSES.

Ninety Men, Women and Children Found in One Pile.

Grave Diggers Interring the Fast Decomposing Bodies.

St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 3.—Six towns wiped out and more than 500 dead is the record made by the forest fires in this state in the past thirty-six hours. In Hinckley, Sandstone, Pokegama, Sandstone Junction, Skunk Lake and Mission Creek there are 355 known dead. In addition several hundred are missing while from 150 to 200 were scattered on farms throughout the district burned over. The destruction was complete in most of the towns named, but some of the forest land escaped. The loss, however, will be in the millions and the loss of life will not be definitely known for several days.

Hinckley, Minn., about halfway between this city and Duluth, has been wiped out by forest fires and the list of dead may reach 1,000. The walls of the school house, the iron fence about the town hall property, the bank vault and one absolutely uninjured out-house is all that is left to mark the site where once stood a score of buildings, and a dozen times as many dwelling houses. The story of the catastrophe which wiped out the material possessions that had made Hinckley a busy, prosperous little city is a short one. The town was built of wood. The school house, erected last year at a cost of \$10,000, and one-half of the Duluth round house were the only brick structures in the city. By one of those peculiar freaks for which there is no accounting, the Eastern Minnesota round house and water tank on the southwestern edge of the town, almost in the woods, escaped the flames. A circumstance the more remarkable from the fact that it stood directly in the path of the flames, which seem to have jumped it as cleanly as if playing leap frog.

Here forest fires. All Saturday forenoon the townspeople were apprehensive. The smoke rolling up from the south told a story unmistakably plain to those accustomed to a wooded country. The fire kept advancing, fanned by the wind, which was blowing a gale. About 11 o'clock the fire company got out their engine and laid an 1,800 foot line of hose to the southern outskirts of the town. The hose was all too short for the measure of protection desired and a telegram was sent to Rush City for more. Five hundred feet was sent, but it never reached Hinckley. The main part of the village lies in the north fork made by the crossing of the Duluth and Eastern tracks, the latter to the east and the former to the west. On the west side of the Duluth tracks were a few small houses belonging to the railway employees. The firemen's attention was mainly directed to keeping the fire away from them, as the main business part of the city was built in solidly just across the track.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon the fire literally jumped into the town. Its approach was not gradual. It did not eat its way along, devouring everything in its path, but came in huge leaps, as if to take everything fleeing before it, and then burn back at its leisure. It is described by the firemen who witnessed its onward progress at Hinckley and elsewhere as if it were forced along by cyclones of its own generation. The intense heat would develop a veritable whirlwind of flame that actually twisted off poplar trees several inches in thickness and carried huge blazing brands high in the air, and carrying them forward from forty to eighty rods there to fall and begin the work of devastation anew.

The fire fighters give up. The first struck Hinckley on

the east side of the Duluth track, and the brave fire fighters for the first time gave up the unequal battle, and already too late in many instances, turned their attention to their personal safety. The Eastern Minnesota train from the south had just come in and the people of the panic-stricken city flocked to it for safety. In all there was a motley crowd of about 450 or more people. The train pulled out just ahead of the fire and succeeded in ultimately reaching Duluth. About the same hour the accommodation train on the Hinckley and St. Cloud branch left for the latter place with about twenty-five passengers. Its path lay directly across the path of the fire and their situation speedily became desperate. The ties were burning, the rails were warping and the trestles were sagging under the train. The smoke had increased so that the engineer was helpless. He could not see the train behind him, burning trees lay across the track and were being tossed aside by the engine. Suddenly the track gave way and the train toppled off to one side. No one was injured, and they pressed on to Pokegama station, a few rods ahead. But a few feet in front of the engine was discovered a gorge sixty feet wide and forty feet deep where the trestle had been burned away. They succeeded in reaching the clearing about the station and escaped with a few burns and bruises. There were burned along the track, however, four or five people, including Dr. Kealey of New Brighton, who had come up to look after his brother.

Driven to Death in a Morass. The people who were left in the city were in what seemed to be a hopeless condition. Horses were harnessed to buggies and wagons. Women and children were hurriedly loaded. In some cases attempts were made to carry off some household goods, but in most instances the people had no thought for aught but their lives. Probably 200 of them left town on foot or in vehicles, plunging into the woods north across the Grindstone river, which skirts the town on the north. They were literally fleeing before the pursuing demon of the fire.

Over the hill that rises beyond the Grindstone is a swamp and to this most of the people with their heads, but it proved no protection. The fire gave them no opportunity to go farther. Some abandoned their teams and ran into the low portions of the morass, but the fire sought them out. Not one was left to tell the tale, and there was a space of little more than five acres were counted over 130 corpses. There were many families of five, six and seven, and there they lay, the man generally a little in advance, the mother surrounded by her little ones, cut off by the most horrible of deaths.

Saved by a Stagnant Pool of Water. The people who remained in Hinckley fared the best of all. The Eastern Minnesota tracks mark the eastern edge of the city proper. Just beyond the road owned a tract of land probably embracing at least ten acres. It was purchased for a gravel pit to furnish material for filling up the approach to the company's bridge across the Grindstone and at other points on its line. The fact that it had been used for this purpose almost to exhaustion, about 100 Hinckleyites over their lives. The whole area indicated had been excavated to a depth in the center of thirty or forty feet. There was a stagnant pool of rain water in the center, three feet in the greatest depth. The pit was wide and deep and to it died those of the citizens who were willing to trust to its friendly depths. There were probably 100 of them. It was really the safest place about Hinckley. Here they remained four hours, while the smoke and flames from the burning city rolled over their heads. They dashed water over each other and covered their heads with wet cloths to prevent suffocation. One unknown man, succumbed to smoke, fell in the water and was drowned. Others of the citizens sought refuge in the Grindstone river under the abutments of the two railway bridges and at the footbridge. The exact number can not be known as they were scattered along a considerable stretch of the little stream. That many escaped and some were drowned is well known. Mrs. Martin Martinson and her four little babes were taken, drowned, from the water this morning, as pitiful a sight as man's eyes ever witnessed.

The fire in Hinckley was burning with the utmost rapidity, and in a few hours nothing was left but ruins. The total loss to the city will exceed \$1,000,000, with a comparatively light insurance. Awful Havoc at Sandstone. The situation at Sandstone is even more appalling than at Hinckley, except in point of numbers. Of the 200 residents one-fourth are dead. The wind blew like a hurricane, and as the people were getting ready to leave, the fire closed in on three sides, not a single person saving a thing except his clothes. About 160 went to the river and fifty or sixty were burned to death. The people who were saved are living on potatoes and carrots left on the ground. One gentleman, Mr. Sanborn, found forty-seven bodies lying uncovered in the sun. The people are destitute of everything.

In addition to forty-seven bodies at Sandstone, there are twenty at Kettle River Junction. There are eleven homeless families still at Mission Creek, but they have provisions for about twenty-four hours. Brook Park, two miles west of Hinckley, is burned and there are about 125 people there, many of whom are in need of immediate relief.

Heroism of a Train Crew. From the stories of passengers on the limited train, which was burned near Hinckley, the entire train crew deserve to be placed on the roll of honor for personal heroism. Engineer James Root of White Bear, heads the list. He was badly burned and al-

most blinded and fell from his seat unconscious immediately on getting through the fires. Fireman John McGowan was a good companion for him in the car, as the other members of the crew—Conductor Jerry Sullivan, Brakeman Monahan, Baggageman George Morris and Porter Blair—were fire associates for the hero who led them into what was literally a fierce furnace.

When about a mile and a half from Hinckley Root discovered that the fire was too fast for him and it overtook the train and overleaped it so that the train was literally surrounded with flames. The air was stifling and the clothes of both engineer and fireman caught fire. McGowan leaped into the water tank, extinguishing the fire in his own clothes and then seized a bucket dashed the water several times over the burning engineer. Root steadily kept at his post, although scarcely able to sit upright.

The rear car caught fire and as the flames overtook it the passengers rushed headlong into the forward cars. Conductor Sullivan, with his plucky associates waited up and down the aisles doing their best to soothe the frightened passengers. The shrieks of the women and children as well as the terrified shouts of the men increased the terrible feelings aroused by the uproar of the flames on every hand. The windows broke from the heat and several of the passengers, too terrified for further self-control, with a terrible cry leaped headlong through one of the open windows and were swallowed up in the flames outside. Others seeing this act quickly followed and altogether in the next ten minutes a dozen men leaped to death in the flames in a like manner. The women, whose terror had been pitiful a few moments before, now came heroically to the help of the trainmen in endeavoring to soothe the frightened children, a number of whom were on the train.

Engineer Root saw there was no outlet apparently for his train ahead and concluded to turn back, through the distance already burned over rather than encounter possibly greater perils before them. He backed at a fast speed to Skunk Lake, a little settlement five miles from Hinckley, and the passengers deserted the burning train at that point and took refuge in a swamp, where they spent the night. This morning a relief train from the north bound through Hinckley and on to this city.

The relief train carried a supply of hand cars which were used in picking up the bodies of the dead along the track. One hundred bodies were picked up and brought into Hinckley before the relief train came to this city with the injured passengers and trainmen. Hinckley was a mass of ruins, nothing being left standing except the walls of the round house.

Engineer Root was badly cut by broken glass, but his worst injuries were from inhaling the hot air and smoke. The physicians hope that his internal injuries may not prove fatal. The relief train brought supplies sent out from this city, Minneapolis, Duluth and other Minnesota towns, and the sufferers are being handsomely cared for at Pine City and other points.

GRAVE DIGGERS COME NOW.

A Train With Provisions and Grave Diggers Follows in Wake of the Fire.

Pine City, Minn., Sept. 3.—The hospital patients demanded the attention of the physicians all night and the only drugist in Pine City was kept busy all night in filling prescriptions and supplying lotions for the injured who were burned more or less seriously. By morning all were in a state of comparative comfort and there were none whose hurts were deemed fatal. The town hall was kept open all night and coffee with plain fare was served to all comers. The court house, the school house and many private homes were thrown open. Every blanket in town was called into service. The women and children were given the better quarters and the men stretched out on the floors of the two public buildings named.

Before daylight the town was astir. The arrangements for the relief of the destitute further up the line, where hundreds of men and children are not only homeless, but absolutely without a scrap of food or bedding, or extra clothing, were taken up where they were dropped at midnight. The appointed committees met and got their work well in hand. Before 7 o'clock in the morning, the construction train loaded with bridge material for the repair of the bridge across the Grindstone river at Hinckley, came up from Rush City.

Laborers to Dig Graves. A couple of hundred loads of bread and other light provisions were placed on board in charge of Judge J. C. Nethaway of Stillwater, representing the relief committee.

A party of laborers to dig graves and inter the bodies was collected and the train proceeded into the burned country. At Hinckley the provisions were loaded into a handcar manned by Judge Nethaway and a volunteer crew and a start was made across the shaky bridge to Miller, nine miles further north, where are reported a dozen or more dead and three or four times as many hungry and homeless.

From Miller they expect to work east to Sandstone and five miles across the country on the Eastern Minnesota, where there are between forty and fifty dead and a couple of hundred living who were saved in Kettle river and in the great sandstone quarries. About 11 o'clock the bridge was sufficiently repaired to admit the passage of a train, and a freight car and caboose, with a plentiful supply of food and a meagre supply of coffins, in charge of Undertaker O'Halloran of St. Paul was sent north.

A Grueling Line of Coffins. At Hinckley the visible situation had not materially improved over night. The thirty or forty caskets and boxes with their gruesome contents still lay along the track where they were placed last night. No attempt had been made to dress or embalm the bodies and they were already growing very offensive. Fortunately the day was cloudy and cool and grateful showers fell at intervals during the forenoon. The remains of

the dead however were in such a horribly blistered and burned condition that decomposition rapidly set in.

Undertaker J. D. Donnelly, of St. Paul, was on the ground, and he advised that the bodies be put under mother earth as rapidly as possible. Every attempt at identification had been exhausted. From these bodies by the track the officials of the Duluth road had removed and carefully pressed every trunk and article of jewelry, and even shoes and scraps of clothing, placing these from each body in a receptacle numbered identically with the caskets so that when relatives come they can recognize them and know whether their friends have been interred.

Out in the little cemetery a mile east of town was a scene which words are absolutely powerless to describe. At best the little spot would be as dreary as could be well imagined. It is on top of a rough sandy knoll, where nature is seen at her worst and absolutely no attempt toward artificial embellishment has ever been made. There were only a few little sandy unsodded mounds before the train, the blackened and scorched stumps and fallen trunks of trees all about it, presented an appearance of desolation hard to describe.

A Heap of Ninety Corpses. But in the center of the opening was the crowning horror. In an indiscriminate heap lay more than ninety corpses, men, women and little children. Some burned to a crisp, others only browned by the heat and none with a fragment of clothing left to protect the immense and their awful nakedness. Some were mere trunks, their extremities having been burned off.

Some were bloated until the abdomen had cracked. Skulls were burned open and all were twisted and cramped in the excruciating agony of the death which had overtaken them. A force of men was quickly at work digging a shallow trench along the south end of the cemetery. The sandy soil was as hard as flint. It had been baked to a crust by weeks of drought and almost solidified by the fire.

The work progressed slowly. Off in the corner of the clearing where smaller graves were being dug for Mrs. Wm. Grissinger and her two baby girls, Caroline, aged 6, and Mabel, aged 3. The husband and father had been recognized the ghastly heap and was hard at work preparing for them a final resting place apart from the trench designed for the unidentified, his labors dulling for a time the acuteness of his anguish.

Generations Dead. The other grave was for the Best family, whose numbers make their destruction marked even in this time of death. John Best, Jr., was digging the pit with the friendly assistance of the neighbors. Laid in a row decently covered were the bodies of John Best, Sr., Mrs. Best, Fred Best, aged 23, Bertha, aged 17, Mrs. Annie Wiegell, a married daughter and her 3-year-old daughter, Minnie, Mrs. Annie Trueman of Diamond Bluff, Wisconsin, a visitor, aged 26 and Victor Best, aged 8. Two other sons, George, aged 25, and Willie, aged 21, are missing and are certainly dead.

And of this whole family of three generations only the sorrowing grave digger and his wife and child who took refuge in a dug out are left. They all lived together about two miles southeast of Hinckley. The only others of the ninety odd who were recognized were Charles Anderson, cashier of the bank, Mrs. William Ginder and her daughter, Winnifred, aged 6. One of two others were imperfectly identified, but it was largely guess work.

Enough rough boxes were knocked together to contain most of these bodies and they were rapidly laid away under the sand, before other bodies began to come in. In the swamp across the Grindstone where eight corpses were found yesterday, were about thirty-five others which were brought in this morning, making a total of upwards of 130 dead in this little space of four or five acres.

Operator Burned at His Key.

Dows near the river was found the body of the Duluth, Duluth operator at Hinckley, Dunn was reared here and was a universal favorite. He stuck to his key until the depot was burning over his head. The delay in locating his body led his friends to hope that he might have escaped, but this morning the finding of his blackened corpse put an end to all uncertainty. Up the St. Paul & Duluth right of way were found three or four more bodies.

Among those who perished north of town was E. Ricketts, of 2318 Polk street, N. E. Minneapolis, who was here visiting his son. He went out in a wagon with Dave Kane of Rock Creek, also a visitor here and both perished though their horses came out unscathed.

BURYING THE DEAD.

Placed in Rough Pine Boxes Blackened and Unknown.

Hinckley, Minn., Sept. 3.—A gentle rain fell today, and quenching the burning embers of the immense forest fires that did so much damage in this city Saturday afternoon and night. The blackened ruins of two or three brick buildings is all that remains standing of the once prosperous town of Hinckley with its 17,000 people and its busy railroad and lumbering interests.

This is today a place of mourning and the burial of the charred and unrecognizable bodies of the hundred of victims has saddened the survivors even more than the disaster itself. The fire was so overwhelming in its immensity, that none in the first terror of the moment could realize how great was their loss. Each was so intent on saving his own life that little thought was given to the disaster in general by most, although many cases of unselfish heroism have been reported.

The bodies thus far recovered have been placed in rough pine boxes for burial, and the majority of them have been buried without their identity. The wires that were down this side of Pine City have been so far put in shape that the Associated Press operator is able to send his report as he sits on an empty keg in the open air, there being no shelter of any kind in the town.

Most of the survivors went to Pine

City yesterday for food and shelter and the women and children are with them but many of the men have returned to their ruined homes to see if by any possibility anything remains.

DEAD MAY REACH 1,000. The Loss of Property Will Easily Amount to \$12,000,000.

CHICAGO, Sept. 3.—Reports to the Tribune from the portions of Minnesota, Michigan and Wisconsin in which the forest fires are now raging show that the condition of affairs there is more than terrible. The loss of property, at a low estimate has already reached \$12,000,000, not including the standing timber that has been destroyed. But even worse is the loss of life which it is feared will reach as high as 1,000. Nearly 400 cases of persons having perished have already been received, while the reports as they continue to come in are increasing the list. The best information is that about twenty towns have already been destroyed, driving thousands of families from their homes into the flames.

The Herald summarizes as follows: Six towns wiped out and more than 500 dead is the record made by the forest fires in Minnesota in the last twenty-four hours.

In Hinckley, Sandstone, Pokegama, Sandstone Junction, Skunk Lake and Mission Creek there are 355 known dead. In addition several hundred are missing while from 150 to 200 people are scattered on farms throughout the district burned over.

The Record summarizes as follows: Eastern Minnesota has suffered in the last twenty-four hours from a horror never equaled in this country except at Johnstown, Pa., May 31, 1889. Nearly 400 persons are known to be dead, over \$2,000,000 worth of property is destroyed and hundreds of families are homeless in Pine and adjoining counties.

The Times estimates at least half a thousand persons dead, as follows: Hinckley, 250; Sandstone, 40; Sandstone Junction, 25; Pokegama, 25; Skunk Lake, 25; Pinetown, 15; Mission Creek, 5; Farrington, 5; Kettle River Junction, 5; Carlton, 3; Rutledge, 2; miscellaneous, 80.

Total Number Recovered 312.

DULUTH, Minn., Sept. 3.—The Evening Herald has information that the total number of corpses recovered from the forest fires so far is 312.

PAINTING WITH A ROSE.

The Santa Fe Shops Being Painted By the World's Fair Process.

The big machines at the Santa Fe shops are covered up today. Not because it is Labor Day in particular, but because the interior of the shops is being made ready for painting. Immense cloths cover everything to protect the immense and delicate machinery from the dust that would almost blind you if you should happen to get in the way of it.

The painting is to be done by the new and greatly improved process that was so successful in getting the world's fair buildings in readiness for the event of last year. There is more to this however, because the tall rough walls must be first cleaned of the accumulated dust and smoke and cobwebs of many years. Yesterday the walls were perfectly black. Today there is a faint glimmering of white at irregular points where the whitewash of former years has not been entirely knocked off. Fifteen men stand around in different places on the great beams that help hold up the roof and carry in their hands long iron pipes with nozzles on one end, the other end being connected with the rubber hose that conveys the compressed air that does the work so rapidly and so thoroughly, for compressed air is the new agent in rapidly painting.

It would take an endless time almost to clean the buildings in this old way by hand, but it will take less than two days to do it this way, the air working with such great pressure against the walls that the dirt fairly flies off in flakes. The operation would remind you of sprinkling the side of a house with a garden hose.

The painting will begin tomorrow or the next day, and will be carried on in the same manner and with the aid of the same machines, the liquid paint being forced through the pipes in the place of the air now being used to clean with. The fifteen men expect to do their work in little more than a day, whereas the old brush operation would require several weeks.

Resolutions of Respect.

Whereas—Death has laid his cold hand upon one of our beloved brothers and co-workers in the pride of Topeka Temple No. 6, Henry Pollard. He was chief Master of Pride of Topeka, Temple No. 6, who worked so faithfully for its success and

Whereas—Since it has pleased God to remove him we feel that while we will miss his advice and counsel he is enjoying the reward which will come to all who are faithful in the discharge of the duties of a truly born child of God. We also bow in humble submission to the will of Divine Providence trusting that our loss may be his eternal gain and we extend our sympathy to the bereaved family commending them to the care of Him who has promised to be a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless and may the hand of Providence provide for them such things as may add to their comfort while on earth and aid in taking them to that rest that remaineth for the people of God.

Be it Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be borne to the bereaved family.

A. BARTON, GEO. PORTER, Committee.

Today's Ball Games.

Boston, Sept. 3.—Morning game: Boston 5; Chicago 4.

New York—Morning game: New York 16; Cincinnati 2.

On Snow's Pine Expectant still the same. It cures coughs and colds, at 25 and 50c a bottle. For sale by all druggists.

The Woman's Keeley league will meet Tuesday, Sept. 4, at 3 p. m., with Mrs. J. B. Hibben, at the U. P. hotel, North Topeka.

Go to Hopkins' tonight and hear the Alhambra mandolin music.

LABOR DAY.

An Immense Crowd Sees a Creditable Procession.

The Local Labor Unions Make a Good Showing.

LINE NOT SO LONG

As on Former Occasions Owing to Absence

Of Nearly All the Santa Fe Shopmen.

It was twenty minutes past ten this morning before the head of the big Labor Day procession commenced to move north on Kansas avenue from Tenth street.

In point of numbers the parade was not quite so large as usual. There was a noticeable absence of the Santa Fe shop workmen. Several of the Topeka unions turned out in full force. The shop men were only represented by twenty men—members of the machinists' union. The brotherhoods of locomotive engineers, firemen, conductors and switchmen which were in the list did not appear. Neither did the boiler-makers, boiler-makers' helpers, blacksmiths or car repairers.

The local A. R. U. was given a place in the procession but not a single member turned out except those who marched with the other unions. "You don't think we are foolish enough to turn out," said one of the prominent members. "Every one of us would be spotted and put on the black list."

The procession was headed by G. Max Claudy, marshal of the day. A platoon of 16 police commanded by Captain Gish followed.

The fire department of 24 members headed by Chief Wilburth came next and the A. T. & S. F. fire company of 14 men followed the city department.

Marshall's band was next. The full band was out, there being 60 members. Following Marshall's band was the head of the first division commanded by J. W. Hlevins.

The stone cutters at work on the court house, 36 in number followed. They were preceded by a carriage in which rode the contractor, G. H. Evans, the foreman and John De Leeuw who has charge of the fancy carving. The stone cutters float was decorated with bunting and held a large block of stone six by four feet which is being carved to be placed over the main entrance of the new court house. Plaster casts of the stone figures to be placed in the walls were displayed on the wagon. They are one third the size of the figures which will be carved from stone. Thomas Humphrey commanded the stone cutters.

Next in the procession was the cigar-makers' union, preceded by a float, upon which cigars were being manufactured. There were thirty-five members and they carried blue sun umbrellas. The president of the union, George Polger, was in command.

The tailors' float came next. It was dark colored, but showy, surmounted by a monstrous imitation of the arm of a sewing machine, draped in flags. The wagon was decorated with mottoes, "This is no sweating system," being among them. A half dozen tailors on the float were busy with their needles. There were twenty-four in line under the command of George Pulley.

A complete bridge, the property of the Brotherhood of Railway bridge men, on a wagon, came next, but the organization did not follow. The men were sent out on the road this morning. The local carpenters' union of twenty men, in command of E. F. Clark, followed the float.

The third division was headed by Lincoln Post Drum Corps, and commanded by P. K. Colville.

The painters and decorators, in their neat, white suits, came next. There were thirty in line. They carried a handsome, brand new banner. Charles Dodds was in command.

The plumbers, gas and steam fitters, commanded by James Durkin were next in line. They wore new blue overalls. There were twenty members out.

The Barbers' union was well represented there being forty members in the procession. They carried red and white umbrellas and were commanded by J. E. Towers.

The third division was commanded by George Kaus. The asylum band was to have headed this division but it did not appear and the Alhambra mandolin club took their place. The club rode in a hack and Malcolm Copeland, a four-year-old boy wearing a silk hat, acted as mascot.

The Topeka Typographical union, which came next in the procession, led the largest number in line of any union which paraded. There were 101 members, in command of C. D. Majors. The only decoration of the members was the union badge and a sprig of goldenrod. A hack which preceded them carried their beautiful new banner and the officers of the union.

The Typographical Union was followed by the International Bookbinders' union. They rode in hacks and were commanded by the president, Charles Brooks. There were twenty-four of them in six hacks.

Following the book-binders were the city officers in carriages, and then the street force preceded by Street Commissioner Naylor. There were 40 men and 18 teams and all the street cleaning apparatus. The wagons were profusely decorated with sunflowers.

Then came 25 paper carriers on their ponies, and a dozen boys on bicycles. The Shetland ponies and children were next in the procession. There were 25 ponies and twice as many girls and boys. Effie Hazen drove a handsome pony and her little friends drove seven others belonging to her. Estelle New-

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